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WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1906.

On Monday next Congress will assemble with a heavy budget of business in prospect. Important legislation awaits consideration, and the everlasting machinery of a short session. We hear from incoming members of Congress that it promises to be a quiet session; that three months is all too short a time to properly digest the details of our enormous annual budget, and that matters involving much debate, and tending to develop party differences, must go over until next winter. We observe the customary reluctance of many members to commit themselves before hearing the views of the President—a reluctance which bears fruit in White House conferences, said to be for the purpose of arranging a Congressional programme.

These symptoms of an approaching session of Congress are closely related. They are outward and visible signs of the inertia of the National Legislature, of its lack of aggressive and intrepid leadership, and of the "Executive interference" which Mr. McCall complains of. The fact is, that Congress invites Executive interference by the do-nothing policy of its leaders, whose maxim of Congressional action is so often, "Pass the appropriation bills and go home." Now, passing the appropriation bills is an extremely important legislative function, but it is not the only function which Congress has to perform, and the country looks to that body for other legislation than that providing for the expenditure of the public funds. Failing to get it, the country also invites Executive interference, and indorses such interference when it compels a recalcitrant body of legislators to toe the mark made by public opinion.

It is curious to recall that Hamilton, in his defense of the Federal Constitution, incorrectly judged the relative strength of the legislative and executive departments. While many of his contemporaries feared the encroachment of the executive power, Hamilton thought that the greater danger lay in legislative usurpation, which, "by assembling all power in the same hands, must lead to the same tyranny as is threatened by executive usurpations." "The legislative department," he remarked, "is everywhere extending the sphere of its activity, and drawing all power into its impetuous vortex." Most political observers think that precisely the opposite tendency is manifest nowadays, and that Hamilton's remark would more exactly apply to the executive than to the legislative department.

And so to the strong man in the White House the country turns for support in obtaining measures of legislation deemed essential to the common weal. Upon him is concentrated the weight of public opinion; by him pressure is brought to bear on the legislative body. In the end something is accomplished, it becomes a Roosevelt policy, which the electorate is asked to indorse, and members of Congress are elected (or defeated) on practically no other issue than the executive's legislative measures or that their votes are needed to pass such measures. This is the circle in which executive power travels.

Says Santos Dumont: "My latest attempt at flight would have been a perfect success, if— Certainly, and so will the Republican party revise the tariff, if—"

The Garlington Report.
A careful reading of the full report of Gen. Garlington, Inspector General of the Army, should lead to wide modification of some extreme views which have been expressed in regard to the dismissal of colored soldiers in Texas. Attempts have been made to weaken his force by appealing to sectional prejudices because of the fact that Garlington is a native of South Carolina. His high reputation as an officer of exceptional coolness and good judgment, and the universal esteem for fairness in which he is held in the service, make it impossible to believe that any prejudice entered into his discharge of a delicate and difficult duty. It is also to be noted that both his report of facts and his recommendations are substantially identical with those made previously by Maj. Blocker, Inspector of the Department of Texas, who is a native of Ohio.

The facts are that, due primarily to dislike on the part of Southern people to having negro troops in their vicinity, a number of cases of friction occurred in Brownsville. Finally, all passes were stopped, and it is supposed the men resented this. Whatever may have been the moving cause, ten or a dozen of them went into town at night and fired into houses, and at people on the streets, killing and wounding men and women. It would seem that the recent occurrence of difficulties and the strained feeling known to exist should have led the officers to exercise a special vigilance which would have made such a raid impossible; but who could have suspected that United States soldiers would start out to shoot down and murder the very people they were supposed to be protecting? It involved an insult to the uniform and the service, a disgrace to the army, and an assault on the flag.

Investigation made the fact perfectly apparent that many men of the companies had deliberately banded themselves together to shield the guilty.

What was to be done? What would the people of the country have said if nothing had been done? What would be the effect on the discipline and morale of the army? Arrests could not be made with no evidence, nor could there be trials without evidence. There must be some sort of punishment, or discipline would come to an end.

The doubtful feature of the case is as to whether the President, in his order, did not go beyond his legal authority. Certainly the innocent members of the companies, those without even guilty knowledge, should not be allowed to suffer. For the guilty soldiers, however, no sympathy is in order.

"The Sultan of Morocco is often called the Sheereef," says the Cleveland Leader. As well as other things not exactly fit to print.

Confusing a Great Question.
The Trans-Mississippi Commercial Congress recently held at Kansas City has come to a final conclusion of the Monroe doctrine by Elihu Root, to its eloquent expounding by William Jennings Bryan, and its forcible exploitation by David Rowland Francis, and then unanimously adopted this resolution as expressive of the Congress' views:
"We renew and emphasize our approval of and devotion to the Monroe doctrine as enunciated by our ancestor, James Monroe, in 1823, when President of the United States, and as reiterated by Grover Cleveland in his Venezuela message of 1895, and as again stated at this session of the Trans-Mississippi Congress by Elihu Root, Secretary of State, after his tour of the South American republics.

"The interpretation of the Monroe doctrine by the Trans-Mississippi Commercial Congress, that the people of the United States are unalterably opposed to any European government acquiring any additional territory or jurisdiction in the western hemisphere."

Plainly there was such a confusion of counsel at the Congress on the great Monroe doctrine, that the delegates concluded that the wisest, the most patriotic, and the safest thing to do was to indorse every interpretation that has been put upon that far-reaching enunciation of hemispherical chauvinism, and then promulgated the people's interpretation as the Congress' own. Secretary Root presented the administration's attitude and purpose, Mr. Bryan unquestionably submitted remarks that reflect his more or less matured thought on the subject, while former Secretary Francis indignantly and eloquently the contention made by President Cleveland—the boldest, most aggressive, and most defiant attitude ever assumed toward Europe by any administration in respect of the Monroe doctrine.

In his note to Great Britain over the then extremely inflammable Venezuelan question, Mr. Olney declared, in effect, that "the flat of the United States is the law of the New World." It was so bold, so aggressive, so defiant, that it affected the bourses throughout the world, for there was a threat of war with England on account of it. But the Cleveland administration did not retreat or recede. Mr. Root, with full authority to represent the Roosevelt administration, honored the last Pan-American Congress with his presence, and at Rio he was chief among the promoters of the arbitration of Latin-American questions involving European interests by referring them to boards containing European representation. It is extremely doubtful that the Cleveland administration would have consented to such a programme.

Whether the pacific attitude of the Roosevelt administration is preferable to the defiant attitude of the Cleveland administration, can be determined only by developments of the future.

When Mr. Gresham was Secretary of State he once remarked: "It is not what the Monroe doctrine really is, but what the people think it is, that makes it important." The interpretation by the Commercial Congress is undoubtedly that held by the country at large.

Senator Don Pedro Requena Bermudez is mad because the senate would not let him pass in time to welcome the President home ahead of all the rest. But how was the poor sinner to know that the senate was only one man?

A New Japanese Treaty.
One of the important matters that will probably be taken up by the coming session of Congress is the proposition to negotiate a new treaty with Japan. Representative Hayes, of California, where the Japanese question is the most acute, will request the President, it is said, to take action in the matter. The crux of the resolution is reported to be a recommendation that the Japanese government be asked to recognize the right of the United States to deal with the matter of immigration of Japanese subjects under such restrictions as we may deem best for our own interests.

On the Pacific Coast there is without doubt a feeling that there should be the same restriction on Japanese as on Chinese immigration, but this is a step too radical to win the approval of the country. The Japanese have made such startling progress in every department of science and education within the last six years, have shown themselves so nearly the equal of brother-nations much older than themselves in modern civilization, that it is impossible to imagine them submitting to the usages under which the coolie Chinese immigrants do not complain too loudly.

But there are some important points in our relations with Japan as a trade neighbor that might well be settled so as to avoid complications, which, with our respective temperaments, might easily, in the future, grow from a molehill to a mountain. Elsewhere than a few towns on the Pacific Coast, the Japanese are accorded equal privileges with American citizens; as merchants they are respected, the property guaranteed. With the same facilities as the American-born they acquire and hold real estate; by taking the same legal precautions that American manufacturers have to take, their wares are safe from imitation; the products of their ingenuity cannot be stolen from them.

The American citizen in Japan, on the other hand, may not, by decree of the empire, hold one foot of real estate; the best he can do is to lease it for a term. If he works up a trade in some particular article, and because it is his article or invention or improvement has copyrighted it, that fact protects him not at all from the Japanese imitator, who will skillfully copy his labels or his trademarks, and undersell him with an inferior quality of merchandise.

For years the United States government allowed Japanese cadets to enter at our Naval Academy at Annapolis to learn our system of training, to note the armament of our ships. As a nation we extended to young Japan the facilities of our education. When modern appliances reached their only real test—the test of the battlefield—in the recent war with Russia, Japan was grudging in her consent to allow our army and navy officers to watch operations, and denied, as much as possible, the benefits of her experience to us.

There is no hard feeling over this; on the contrary, the United States has stood loyally the friend of Japan, but if that friendship—mutually profitable as it is—is to continue, without danger of strain,

then it is time that the advantages were equalized, and that the United States should not always be the donor.

Whether it is a new treaty or a modification of the old one that is necessary matters very little; but there should be, if possible, full diplomatic discussion of any possible difference, so that the alliance between us may be firm, lasting, and mutually beneficial.

A Russian colonel gets a salary of \$600 per annum. That's scarcely enough to buy a Georgia colonel's gold braid and brass buttons.

France will not admit American meats, but Italy will. As a matter of courteous reciprocity we suppose we ought to cut out champagne and pate de foie gras in favor of spaghetti and garlic.

If Sarah Bernhardt is really on the verge of bankruptcy we must resign ourselves to another farewell American tour.

A New York paper admits for that city "10,000 professional criminals." Not to mention a host of bright and promising amateurs.

After all, the man who can't scare up a turkey for his appetite is in a better fix than the fellow who can't scare up an appetite for his turkey.

The biggest gun ever made has been ordered to the scrap-heap. This, however, does not refer to Congressman Babcock.

A scientist has brought in another indictment against the mosquito. The mosquito must be the Mayor Schmidt of the insect tribe.

A New Jersey minister asked for a raise in salary on the ground that he was "a little over a typewriter." The deacons raised a row about it, until the pastor meekly explained that he had married her.

A well-meaning contemporary is mad because Prophet Smith was not sent to jail, instead of being fined a mere \$500 for having five wives. Perhaps the judge thought a jail sentence would seem more like a welcome relief to the prophet than otherwise.

Massachusetts' new legislature contains "stop talking." Besides, it is impossible.

Dr. Fridtjof Nansen desires so-called "arctic dangers." However, his foot name appears to have been pretty badly frost-bitten somewhere.

Seeing his inevitable finish, Dr. Crapsey resigned. Now Senator Platt—but what's the use?

"It is absurd," says Senator Tillman, "to try to make a United States Senator stop talking." Besides, it is impossible.

"New York's Senatorial representation ought to be the best, or nothing," says an Empire State contemporary. Well, isn't it?

The Danville (Va.) Courier says: "The young men of Danville are moving out, and are determined to make Danville a great city." Heroic measures; but we suppose the prosperity of the city demands that they move out.

The British government has found the eggs of the dog fish to be "very similar in taste and nutritious properties to the common hen egg." Nothing for the hens to do now but form a trust and apply to Congress for tariff protection against the dog fish.

That new land discovered by Peary belongs to Uncle Sam, under the recognized laws of discovery. He might utilize it for a cold-storage plant.

Among other things that Peary's men had to eat are mentioned kerosene and candles. Light diet.

So far as this football reform is concerned, it looks like the effort to save the players may kill the game.

A man has been arrested in Chicago for stealing a ten-cent cigar. He is a public benefactor in any other city on earth.

Sig. Caruso says he will "carry his case before an intelligent and capable judge." He evidently looks upon the police court variety as little more than rag-time officials.

A man has been arrested in Mankato (Minn.) for stealing an umbrella. Evidently a desperate effort upon Mankato's part to get some free advertising.

Says the light little island of Guam: "I've a welcome both cordial and warm for President R. If he'll travel thus far, but if he doesn't, I don't care a cent."

It's all very well to talk about the scientific training of girls to make good wives, but every man knows that the biscuits mother used to make were not the scientific kind.

We see no good and sufficient reason for denying "Eve's Diary" a place in the Massachusetts libraries. It couldn't have contained any gossip about the neighbors, and was necessarily free of any of Adam's mother-in-law jokes.

In order not to disappoint any possible visitors, Pittsburgh also indulged in a race riot the other day.

The Home of the Malay.
From the San Francisco Argonaut.
One day a man, apparently white, came into the best restaurant in Atlanta. The head waiter looked him over and thought he had negro blood in him. In fact, he was a very light quadroon.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

Would Be Interesting.
"I'd like to meet this man Rockefeller," declared the Sultan of Turkey.
"Sayest thou so, sire?"
"I do." "I'd like to compare his assortment of indictments with my little collection of ultimata."

Too Much.
"Yes! I had to cut it."
"I thought you liked the newspaper biz."
"I did until the managing editor insisted that I ask Senator Platt what he thought of Mrs. Parsons' book."

Painful.
The world is but a grindstone great.
Around, around it goes.
Whirls up against it cruel Fate
Forever holds his nose.

In Clover.
"Yes! I married a drummer, Grace?"
"And are you happy?"
"Indeed, I am. My husband treats me like I was a prospective customer."

Notice It!
Winter's here with joys no end; winter with its festive scenes. Winter's here, my worthy friend—in the Christmas magazines.

Next!
"How do you persuade women to marry you?" was asked of Bluebeard.
"Oh, they do it to reform me, don't you know?"

THE INNOCENT BYSTANDER.

BEFORE CARVING THE TURKEY.
The President proclaimed it, that we ought to all give thanks.

But I'm an unknown person on the rosters of the banks.
And I've been sick, and worried, and a lot of things went wrong.
And so I got to thinking that my thanks ought to be strong.

But then, who knows? It might be that the bank that held my dough would have been one that busted—so, you see, I hardly know.

I look the whole year over, and I haven't gained in health.
Nor shot to fame and glory, nor been cluttered with wealth.
But still I get to thinking of the things that might have been.

And of the folks in trouble that so far I've not been in.
And then, although I'm poorer than a starving alley cat,
I think that I am thankful, in a measure, just for that.

Why, I might have a title—be a count, perhaps, or earl—
And then be rudely parted from a million and the girl.
Or I might have magnate with uncounted money's might
And a thousand busy juries planning daily to indict.

Or I could be out for office, with the public on my trail.
So I breathe a thankful whisper, rather than a sorry wail.
And I don't know anybody I would rather be than me.

So I sing a gentle blessing on the few things in my lot,
And I sing a thankful measure for the things that I am not.

FOR A WALL CARD.
Directions: Paint the words on a board white Bristol board, decorate to taste, provide with cord for hanging, and send to a friend.

The Shopper's Husband.
Another day comes, bringing to us its samples to match, its orders to cancel, its inquiries to make. Let me be physically fit, the care of forty-four years on the Federal bench is almost unparalleled. The West Virginia politicians have been hoping for more than a decade that he would retire so they could give his place to a younger and more pliable man, but he declines to entertain any proposition that would relegate him to an inactive life.

Admiral Coghlan's Latest.
Rear Admiral Coghlan, who dashed a bit of salt on the smarting wound inflicted upon Germany's pride by Dewey at Manila in '98 by being a antagonist of the thrilling epic "Hood and Kaiser," told a story a few evenings ago at the Army and Navy Club, which was given to illustrate his distaste for being the last speaker. "Having the last word," said the famous sailor man, "reminds me of an anecdote I recently heard. A certain man died and a clergyman was engaged to offer the eulogy. The worthy dominie prepared a sermon of exceeding length, but just before he entered the pulpit to deliver it he thought that it might be advisable to learn what the dead man's last words had been. So he turned to one of the weeping younger sons and asked:

"My boy, can you tell me your father's last words?"
"He didn't have none," the boy replied. "What was him to do?"

What Hoosier Will Come Next?
Indiana, for time out of mind the incubator of great men, is getting all stirred up over the question as to the statue of which of her famous sons shall be placed in Statuary Hall at the Capitol, alongside of that of Oliver P. Morton. Most of the States that have availed themselves of the privilege of representation in this Valhalla have placed two statues there, as allowed by law, but Indiana has placed only one, that of Morton, the great war governor and afterward the Senator, who, because of his rivalry with the great Lincoln, was the Senate sitting in his chair. Now the Hoosiers, as if embarrassed by a redundancy of riches in the matter of great men, are permitting themselves to become involved in a fierce debate as to who is entitled to the honor accorded to Morton. Curiously enough, they are not united by any means on the greatest of their sons of recent times, Benjamin Harrison, who, in the opinion of a vast number of Americans, was one of the greatest of the Presidents. While Harrison seems to have the lead, at the same time four other names, and only four, are being urged. These are, in the order of their popularity, Lew Wallace, Daniel D. Pratt, Thomas A. Hendricks, and James B. Eads. Pratt was a Senator, the history of Hendricks is known to this generation, but the claim of the Hoosiers to James B. Eads will doubtless surprise many persons, who know that this great engineer achieved all of his fame only after he had left Indiana. However, there is a good old principle in Indiana which lays down the rule that "once a Hoosier always a Hoosier," and it is probably on this principle that Eads is being considered for the statue over Benjamin Harrison, to a niche in the National Hall of Fame.

The Smith Family.
An old lady, traveling for the first time in a large city, saw a glaring sign on the front of a high building, which read, "The Smith Manufacturing Company."

As she repeated it aloud slowly, she remarked to her nephew: "Laws 'n' mercy! Well, I've heard tell of Smiths all the while, but never knew before where they made all 'em!"

Don't Encourage Tramps.
From the Philadelphia Press.
It is at best a bad policy to give indiscriminately to street mendicants. It is worse policy to do so when the fact is recognized that there is more work in this country than there are workmen.

More Railroads Needed.
From the Houston Post.
It will be a long, long time before the United States will reach that condition of perfect development which will render further additions to the railroad mileage unnecessary.

Faith in the President.
From the New York Sun.
There is a universal belief that what the President chooses to do is right, and that nothing untoward can attend his doing of it.

PEOPLE OF NOTE.

Watching Bonaparte.
Secretary Bonaparte is just now the object of more attention by that class of big lawyers of the country who are employed by the large corporations than is reason is not to be so much in the country as he will be Attorney General of the United States, and will personally conduct the prosecution of the Standard Oil Company and cases against other trusts of huge aggregation of capital that are liable to be attacked by the administration. Through their agents in Washington, the big corporation lawyers in all parts of the country are making careful inquiry into the character, capacity, and temporal qualities of Mr. Bonaparte. They want to get his measure before they have to face him in court. The first thing they will learn of him is that he is an aristocrat in feeling and deportment. He is too proud to be bossed, and too cynical to be fooled. No "interest" or no person does or can control him. He does his own thinking—and a very clear article of thought in his mental machinery comes out, too, with bursts of wit and sharp edges of cynicism that inflict smarting wounds on the adversary who arouses his ire. Mr. Bonaparte has never had a large law practice, because he has been too busy with his own affairs, but he is a lawyer of profound learning, great industry, and a genius for detail. Whether he is ambitious or not, in the sense that most men who get into high office in the United States are, is a question which even the fewest of us are unable to answer. They give it as their opinion that he would rather be Attorney General than President, and that with his natural hatred of vulgar and greedy rich he would prove a terror to every trust magnate in the country who comes under that head.

Root for the Senate.
A very close friend of Secretary Root brings the news from New York that Theodore Roosevelt should step from the White House in 1909 into the Senate he would soon have as his colleague the present premier of his Cabinet. The valetudinarian Dewey's term will not expire until 1911, but if Platt resigns, as many believe, he could be created in the other New York Senatorship, too, not long after 1909. New York's representation in the Senate has for so long a time been weak that there is a feeling in the State to send to the upper house of Congress the very strongest material available. The Empire State's Senatorial representation would be too juxtaposed with Roosevelt and some lesser man as colleague. Intellectually, Elihu Root is one of the strongest forces that the present regime has brought into the nation's public life. For many years there has been a close bond of friendship and understanding between him and the President, and they could get along together in the Senate better than any other two New York Republicans. The chief drawback to this suggested arrangement is aversion in Mr. Root's family to his long participation in public affairs. Mr. Root, a gentle and home-loving woman, prefers a quiet and unostentatious domestic life to the clamor and glamor of public life, and it is thought that possibly she will persuade her distinguished husband to retire permanently to the privacy of his law office at the close of the Roosevelt administration.

Nestor of the Bench.
The Nestor of the Federal judiciary is Judge John J. Jackson of Parkersburg, W. Va. Judge Jackson was appointed to the bench by Abraham Lincoln, and it is believed that he is the only survivor of the judges appointed by Mr. Lincoln. Lincoln chose him not only because he was a prominent Southerner who was opposed to secession, but because he was now eighty-three years old, and although he has been entitled to retire under the law for several years, he has refused to take advantage of that privilege, because he is still hale and vigorous, intellectually and physically. His career of forty-four years on the Federal bench is almost unparalleled. The West Virginia politicians have been hoping for more than a decade that he would retire so they could give his place to a younger and more pliable man, but he declines to entertain any proposition that would relegate him to an inactive life.

FAME AND MONEY.
"Good for you, Scribblum," says the friend to the dreamy-eyed poet. "I tell you I am rejoiced to see your poem, 'Soul-space,' in the Decade of Magazine. Any man should be proud of such an honor." Modestly thanking him, the poet goes on. But he does not disclose the fact that the occasion of his having been in the check he has received for royalties on his rag time song, "Ma Coal Lady Wad the Shoebox Feet," which he has published under an assumed name.

For like most who love Art for Art's sake, he is leading a double life.

WILBUR NESBIT.
(Copyright, 1906, by W. D. Nesbit.)

The Depth of Infamy.
From the New York Herald.
An old negro preacher of Southern Georgia had been given a fine, fat possum by some of his admirers and was keeping it in a barrel, feeding it heavily to still further increase its weight. He had decided to have it killed the next day, when, to his rage, it was stolen in the night. Shortly afterward a revival meeting was being held, and among those who went; to the mourners' bench was a certain very black Jim, and his grief seemed inconceivable.

"Dat's all right, mah brudder," the old man shouted. "Don't matter what yo' done, de good Lawd gwine fergive yo'."

"But Ah's been powerful mean," Jim declared, weeping.
"Is yo' stole chickens?" the old man demanded.

"Oh, wuss 'en dat!"
"Good Lawd! He'd dis po' nigger!" the old preacher entreated. "Is yo' used a razor?"

"Wuss dan dat!"
"He'd done it," done killed nobody?"
"Den hyahs whar we tangle!" the old man shouted, throwing aside his coat.

"De good Lawd kin fergive yo' ef He wants ter, but Ah's kwine skin yo' alive! Yo's de varmint dat stole mah possum!"

Tariff as a Local Issue.
From the Dallas News.
Congressman Livingston, of Georgia, is out in an interview in which he says the people along the Canadian and Mexican frontiers are clamoring for relief from the American tariff laws, which prevent the entrance of Canadian and Mexican goods. Congressman Livingston, of Georgia, has another thing coming to him. If he does not see the error of his statement, he ought to visit the Rio Grande country. The free traders in those parts are as fast as hen's teeth. Hides, wool, and cattle are the chief products in that locality. To be sure, the people are intensely Democratic in politics, but they are still willing to take any scraps that may fall from the tables of protection.

Gen. Pershing's Career.
How He Was Created a Mohammedan War Lord by Moros.
From World's Work.
Brig. Gen. John M. Pershing is a West Pointer, and has had ten years of Indian fighting on the plains. He was in action at Sangre de Cristo with the Tenth Cavalry, "the niggers," and distinguished himself. His most brilliant achievement had been in the Philippines, where he subdued the Moros and at the same time won their friendship.

There have been many evidences of the love the Moros have for him. One fine morning the bachelor captain awoke to find himself father of a splendid 15-year-old boy. The original father of the lad, the Sultan Ota, had paid to this new Christian the highest tribute of respect and affection a Moro knows, and given him his heir.

Stranger things happened. In February of 1903 the captain was invited to Bontoc, the scene of the first fight, to confer with the supposedly half-hostile datto of that rancheria. He was received by half a dozen dattos, who proceeded with due religious ceremony to make the scene of themselves a hereditary ruler with royal rank and the power of life and death, so that he is to-day the only Mohammedan war lord who bears the golden stars of the United States on collar and saddle cloth. Immediately after the ceremony an incident occurred which showed the new datto's practical turn of mind. An American flag was hoisted over the Moro fort, and Bontoc Pershing, wishing to salute it, could find no ammunition for the purpose, save live shrapnel. They burst with thrilling pyrotechnic effect, and served to deepen still more the respect in which he was held.

STORY OF A SONG.
"In the Sweet By and By" Born in Manner Most Inspiring.
A song of national circulation, "In the Sweet By and By," written by S. Fillmore Bennett, of Elkhorn, Wis., had its birth in a country store. Mr. Bennett told the story as follows:

"It was about time for closing business in the evening when J. P. Webster, whose melodies have made Wisconsin famous, came into the store, feeling somewhat depressed."

"He said to Webster: 'What is the matter now?'"
"He replied: 'It is no matter; it will be all right by and by.'"

"The idea of the hymn came to me like a flash of sunshine, and I replied: 'The sweet by and by. Way would not that make a good hymn?' A few moments later he had jotted down the notes for the different parts and the chorus."

"I do not think it was more than thirty minutes from the time I took my pencil to write the words before the hymn and the notes had all been completed, and four of us were singing it exactly as it appeared in the 'Signal Ring' a few days later, and as it has been sung the world over ever since."

ETIQUETTE FOR THE MEN.
Rules for Their Guidance While in a Public Conveyance.
From Life.
When you enter a surface car in which the seats are all occupied by ladies do not make uncomplimentary remarks because none of them offers you her seat. You can sit slightly, but beyond this no real gentleman will betray his chagrin.

Jags are no longer en vogue in the daytime. No gentleman will carry a bag later than 10 p. m. They should be carried in bags with the feet well out of the window. They are also worn with latch-keys. When carrying one home care should be taken in getting them upstairs to keep on good terms with the lady of the house by presenting her 400 keys at frequent intervals. Jags this year have larger heads than usual and colder feet. When not in use they should be kept on ice.

When receiving visits from relatives it is now quite proper to have every article of your own marked with the price you paid for it. This will save a lot of time answering questions.

Reputations are no longer worn in circles, although affected by some stray members of the middle class.

Went to the Right Place.
From Success.
An American whose business frequently takes him to London tells of an amusing conversation between the driver and conductor of a public bus in that city.

"The bus was fairly crowded, and the American climbed to the top, where, shortly after taking his seat, he observed a person in peculiar garb, with a red turban. There was a leaden sea overhead, and a slow, drizzling rain, such weather as is the rule rather than the exception in the British metropolises.

As the conductor came to the top the red-turbaned person, evidently an Indian Fakir, got down.

"What sort of a chap is that?" asked the driver of the conductor.
"I fancy that it's one of them fellows that worships the sun."

"Worships the sun, eh?" repeated the driver, with a shiver. "When I suppose he comes over 'ere to 'ave a rest."

The Perfect Lover.
From the New York Tribune.
Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, the famous woman's rights leader, said of an untactful motion at a woman's club:
"This motion, in its delicacy, reminds me of a Ripon man."

"The man got married, and after he had been married several years his wife said to him one night:
"You do not speak as affectionately to me as you used to, Hal. I fear you have ceased to love me."

"Ceased to love you?" growled the man. "There you go again. Ceased to love you! Why, I love you more than myself. Now shut up and let me read the paper."

A Peculiar Safeguard.
From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.
"You needn't be afraid, my friend, the hotel will not burn."

"Why, it isn't fireproof, is it?"
"No, it isn't fireproof."

"Then why do you say it will not burn?"
"Because there is no insurance on it."

Open-shop Work.
From Judge.
"Ah, you love me. Shall we marry?" asked the joy-bewildered miss.

While her mouth still warmly tingled with his lips, she interrupted him with a "No!" cried he. "No need to marry just because we're doing this."

For there ain't no union label on the imprint of a kiss."

Political Dangers.
From Judge.
Howell—it is hard for woman to understand politics.

Powell—I should say so! My wife asked me to-day if a candidate who was scratched at an election ever had blood poisoning.

GEN. PERSHING'S CAREER.

How He Was Created a Mohammedan War Lord by Moros.
From World's Work.
Brig. Gen. John M. Pershing is a West Pointer, and has had ten years of Indian fighting on the plains. He was in action at Sangre de Cristo with the Tenth Cavalry, "the niggers," and distinguished himself. His most brilliant achievement had been in the Philippines, where he subdued the Moros and at the same time won their friendship.